

# Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 17.

Boston, October, 1884.

No. 5.

## The Coast-Guard.

Do you wonder what I am seeing  
In the heart of the fire aglow,  
Like cliffs in a golden sunset,  
With a summer sea below?  
I see, away to the eastward,  
The line of a storm-beat coast,  
And I hear the tread of the hurrying waves,  
Like the tramp of a mailed host.

And up and down in the darkness,  
And over the frozen sand,  
I hear the men of the coast-guard  
Pacing along the strand;  
Beaten by storm and tempest,  
And drenched by the pelting rain,  
From the shores of Carolina,  
To the wind-swept bays of Maine.

No matter what storms are raging,  
No matter how wild the night,  
The gleam of their swinging lanterns  
Shines out with a friendly light.  
And many a shipwrecked sailor  
Thanks God, with his gasping breath,  
For the sturdy arms of the surfmen  
That drew him away from death.

And so, when the wind is wailing,  
And the air grows dim with sleet,  
I think of the fearless watchers  
Pacing along their beat.  
I think of a wreck, fast breaking  
In the surf of a rocky shore,  
And the life-boat leaping onward  
To the stroke of the bending oar.

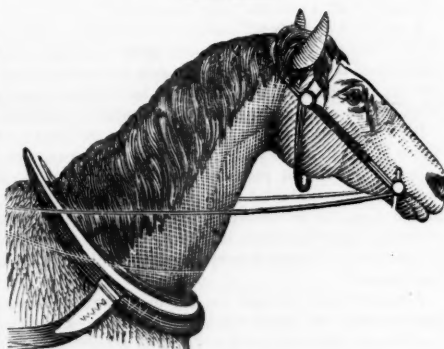
I hear the shouts of the sailors,  
The boom of the frozen sail,  
And the crack of the icy halyards  
Straining against the gale.

"Courage!" the captain trumpets,  
"They are sending help from land!"  
God bless the men of the coast-guard,  
And hold their lives in his hand!

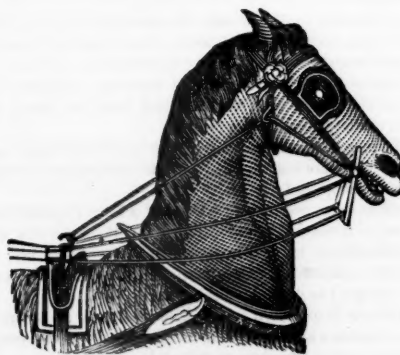
—Emily Huntington Miller, in *St. Nicholas*.

A gentleman once asked the celebrated Dr. Abernethy if he thought the moderate use of snuff would injure the brain. "No, sir," was Abernethy's reply; "for no man with a single ounce of brain would ever think of taking snuff."

## KINDNESS.



## CRUELTY.

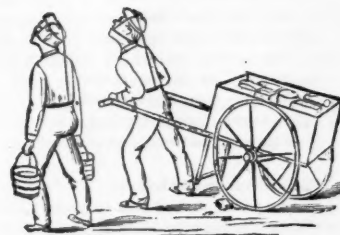
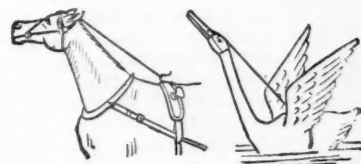


A little child was besieging her father to take her to visit her grandmother, who lived at a distance. To get rid of her he said: "It costs ten dollars every time we go to see grandma, Florence, and ten dollars don't grow on every bush." "Neither do grandmas grow on every bush," answered the little girl, promptly; and her logic was convincing. They went.

The best time to eat a green apple is after it has become ripe.

This holds with all other fruit.—EDITOR.

## MORE CRUELTY.



## The Bobolink.

Throat brimful of music—  
Cannot keep it in;  
Bless me! Wouldn't have you try;  
'Twould almost be a sin.  
Should think 'twould choke you though, sometimes,  
The aperture's so small  
That all this noise must struggle through,  
Or not get out at all.

Swinging on the lily-cups,  
Hiding in the clover,  
Prince of comic vocalists,  
Saucy little rover.  
Give us a gem from Mozart,  
A taste from Meyerbeer,  
Or a morceau from Rossini,  
Fit for cultivated ear.

Cannot? Well, stop trying;  
Your own wild notes are best,  
Stick to the tune you've practised,  
Never mind the rest.  
Stretch your mouth to the utmost;  
Pour forth your pearly song,  
Marred by no taint of bygone grief  
Or shade of future wrong.

*Sea-Birds. A Play for Six Pupils.*

BY LOUISA PARSONS HOPKINS, IN "AMERICAN TEACHER."

AUK, STORMY PETREL, ALBATROSS, GULL, LOON, SWAN.

(Each sings or recites with characteristic motion.)

*Stormy Petrel.*

We pretty stormy petrels  
Are scudding o'er the billow;  
We love the stormy ocean,  
And make the wave our pillow;  
We scream with joy, the tempest  
Is our delight and glory;  
We're Mother Carey's chickens,—  
Brave little Natatorae.

*Albatross.*

We fly through sun and shadow  
With great white wings extended,  
White with the storm-wind dying  
Our loud, shrill tones are blended.  
No sailor will molest us,  
Above the tossing ocean  
We soar with princely pinion  
Amid the wild commotion.

*Gull.*

Behold our graceful circling  
Through skies of pearly lustre;  
Beneath the snow-caps dipping  
Like snow-flakes, how we muster!  
Now skimming, darting, swooping,  
Or in the sunset flashing,  
Before the fresh gale whooping,  
Or through the light spray dashing.

*Loon.*

Great spotted Northern Divers,  
We with our mates are floating  
Upon the calm sea's bosom,  
A fleet of placid boating.  
The gunner's flash surprises;  
Ah! keen, and quick, and wary,  
Above the water rises  
Our cry so solitary.

*Auk.*

Afar the ice-cliff glimmers  
Amid the Arctic looming,  
Alive with myriad swimmers  
Who hail the cold wave's booming.  
"Auk, auk," we call and answer  
Upon the snow-shelves nestling,  
Then loping through the darkness  
With wind and storm we're wrestling.

*Swan.*

Behold our stately beauty,  
Our proud, arched neck so queenly,  
While o'er the placid lakelet  
We're sailing so serenely!  
By lordly towers and castles,  
Amid old gardens' pleasure,  
Our dying song we're singing  
With soul-inspiring cadence.

All (including Pelican, Penguin, Wild Duck, Goose, etc.;  
to be recited in concert and standing still.)—

Web-footed, and so neatly  
Equipped for our relations,  
We catch our game so fealty  
And gulp our fishy rations.  
We swim and dive and paddle,  
And oil and plume our feathers,—  
So comfortable find we  
The very worst of weathers.  
We greet the tempest dashing  
And darkening o'er the waters;  
We love the wild waves washing  
Our young ones in their quarters.  
Or through high airs migrating  
We pierce with arrowy column  
A quadrant arc of heaven,—  
Procession weird and solemn,—  
With ceaseless cry appealing  
To Him who guides untiring  
Our flight, its course revealing,  
Our trustful life inspiring.

*A Story of India.*

BY DAVID KER, IN "GOLDEN DAYS."

One bright summer morning, every street of Delhi (the ancient capital of India,) was in a bustle. Some great news had evidently stirred the whole town, for on every side the Hindoos were swarming out of their houses, and ranging themselves in crowds along the narrow, crooked, dirty streets, till the whole roadway, far as the eye could reach, was one living forest of dark faces and white turbans and bare brown limbs.

In truth, the sight which they were waiting to see was one which was not to be seen every day.

Lallajee Rao, the famous mountain chief who had held out so long among the western hills against the armies of the Emperor of Delhi, Akbar the Great, had been taken at last, and was being brought to Delhi as a prisoner. That very day he was expected to arrive, and it was to see him that these crowds were waiting so patiently in the heat and dust of that burning summer day, which seemed to grow hotter every moment.

"So the old wolf is trapped at last!" cried a fierce-looking soldier with a scarred face. "Long life to our great emperor, Akbar, the son of Humayoon, and may all his enemies be like Lallajee Rao!"

"Yet even he hath done deeds of kindness," said a gray-haired trader, who stood beside him. "The hand of death was outstretched over my son Ismail, on the night when he lost his way among the western hills. Then it was that Lallajee Rao met with him. 'They call me the enemy of thy people,' said he, 'but all men are the friends of one who is it trouble; follow me.' And the chief gave him food and shelter, and guided him into the right way. Was not that well done, brothers?"

"Hark!" cried a third, "here they come!"

A distant sound of wild Eastern music floated through the hot, still air, and up the winding street came marching a long train of soldiers, whose crimson turbans and gay dresses, and glittering spearheads and breastplates of polished steel, made a gallant show in the midday sunshine.

High above them all, on a black horse, to the saddle of which he was tightly bound with strong ropes of dried grass, appeared a tall and powerful man, whose thick black beard was just beginning to turn gray. His dark face, firm and massive as if carved in granite, never changed a whit at the taunting shouts that broke from every mouth as he went by; for this man was none other than Lallajee Rao himself.

Winding slowly through the narrow, crowded streets, the procession at length reached the palace, under the marble porch of which, with his guards around him, sat the Emperor Akbar, a fine-looking man of middle age, with an eye as bright as the diamond in his snow-white turban.

He listened in silence while the officer in charge of Lallajee Rao, coming forward with a bow, made his report of the prisoner's capture. As the last word was uttered, the emperor waved his hand, and instantly Lallajee, still bound hand and foot, was dragged from his horse, and laid on the ground face upward.

Then a solemn hush fell over the great multitude, as if every one were holding his breath in expectation of something strange and terrible.

All at once, the crowd parted, and a huge elephant, with a native mahout (driver) perched on its neck, was seen coming slowly up to the spot where the prisoner lay, the Hindoo custom being that men condemned to die should be trampled to death by elephants.

Lallajee Rao's stern eyes looked fearlessly at the moving mountain as it approached him, nor could the countless spectators who were watching him so keenly see the slightest change in his iron face.

But just as the huge forefoot was raised to crush out his life he started suddenly, cast a keen glance up at the elephant, and shouted:

"Dekho chai; Lallajee Rao!" (Look out brother; it's Lallajee Rao!)

At the sound of his voice, the elephant started in its turn, drew back its uplifted foot, and bent down as if to look closer into his face. Then it uttered a wild cry, half-shout and half-scream; whisked down its driver as if he had been a doll, and taking up Lallajee in its trunk, set him upon its neck in the driver's place.

A murmur of astonishment ran through the crowd, and the emperor himself rose to his feet in undisguised excitement.

"Bring that man here!" cried he to his guards.

But before they could obey, Lallajee Rao (who, bound though he was, preserved his seat on the elephant's neck with wonderful skill) uttered a peculiar cry, and instantly the mighty beast moved forward with him right up to the spot where Akbar was standing.

"What means all this?" asked the emperor.

"It means," answered the chief, "that it was I who caught this elephant and tamed him, and that although they say he has no reason, he is more merciful than some men who have."

Akbar bit his lip and was silent.

"You shall see how well he understands my orders," pursued Lallajee. "Here, Supramani, salute Lallajee Rao!"

The elephant lowered its head and waved its trunk in the air.

"Salute the Emperor Akbar!"

But the elephant remained immovable.

"Do you hear?" cried Lallajee again. "Salute the Emperor Akbar!"

This time the beast answered him with an angry snort, and flapped its huge ears as if to shake the very sound of the name away from it.

The emperor laughed.

Brave as a lion himself, he could see and admire the courage of the prisoner, and his heart was touched by the elephant's grateful remembrance of its old friend.

"It is well," said he, in the clear, commanding tones of one accustomed to be obeyed. "Lallajee Rao, thou art a warrior, and I speak to thee as one warrior speaks to another. If I spare thy life, wilt thou be true to me henceforth?"

"No man ever yet said that Lallajee breaks his word. Henceforth, I will be true to thee, on the faith of a warrior," was the reply.

"So be it," rejoined Akbar. "From this day thou art the captain of my guard, and none but thyself shall ride the elephant that has spared thy life."

And the emperor kept his word.

*Tired Birds.*

Many of our birds fly several thousand miles every autumn, passing not only over Florida, where they might find perpetual summer, but over the Gulf and far beyond into the great summer land of the Amazon; after a short stay, returning again to the North, some penetrating to the extreme shores of the Arctic seas. How the small birds fly so great distances is almost incomprehensible, but I have seen many of our small feathered friends on the little Key of Tortugas, two hundred miles or more from Cape Florida, the jumping-off place of the United States. Great flocks of them would alight upon the walls of the fort, especially during storms, evidently thoroughly tired; but the next day they were up and away off over the great stretch of the Gulf and the Caribbean Sea.

Numbers of the English birds and many from Northern Europe make yearly voyages down into the African continent, and careful observers state that they have seen the great storks, so common in Germany, moving along high in the air, bearing on their broad backs numbers of small birds stealing a ride. In these wonderful migrations many birds are blown out to sea and lost, while others become so fatigued and worn out that they will alight upon boats. A New England fisherman, who in the autumn follows his calling fourteen or fifteen miles out from shore, informed me that nearly every day he had four or five small birds as companions. They had wandered off from shore, or were flying across the great bay on the lower coast of Maine, and had dropped down to rest. One day the same fisherman fell asleep while holding his line, and upon suddenly opening his eyes, there sat a little bird on his hand, demurely cocking his head this way and that, as if wondering whether he was an old wreck or piece of drift-wood.

—C. F. Holder, in *St. Nicholas*.



## Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.

Geo. T. Angell, President, Samuel E. Sawyer, Vice President, Rev. Thomas Timmins, Secretary, Joseph L. Stevens, Treasurer.

## Band of Mercy Pledge.

"I will TRY to be kind to all HARMLESS living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge.

## M. S. P. C. A.

on our badges mean, "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

## Band of Mercy Information.

We send without cost to every person in the world who asks, full information about our Bands of Mercy,—how to form, what to do, how to do it, &c., &c. To every Band formed in America of forty or more, we send, also without cost, "Ten Lessons on Kindness to Animals," full of anecdote and instruction, our monthly paper, OUR DUMB ANIMALS, for one year, containing the best humane stories, poems, &c. Also a leaflet of "Band of Mercy" hymns and songs. To every American teacher who forms an American Teacher's Band of twenty or more, we send all the above and a beautiful imitation gold badge pin.

We have badges, beautiful membership cards for those who want them, and a membership book for each Band that wants one, but they are not necessary unless wanted. All that we require is simply signing our pledge: "I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage." The machinery is so simple that any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost whatever, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish to purchase badges, hymn and song leaflet, cards of membership, and a membership book for each Band, the prices are for badges, gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon, four cents; hymn and song leaflet, fifty cents a hundred; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, six cents. The "Ten Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole ten bound together in one pamphlet, full of anecdote as well as instruction.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a good, kind act, to make the world happier and better, is earnestly invited to address, by letter or postal, Geo. T. Angell, Esq., President, 96 Tremont Street, Boston, Massachusetts, and receive full information.

## An Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

1—Sing Band of Mercy hymn and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies].

2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last Meeting by Secretary.

3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings, and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.

4—Sing Band of Mercy Hymn.

5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.

6—Enrollment of new members.

7—Sing Band of Mercy Hymn.

An unromantic doctor—a bachelor, we believe,—says that tight lacing is a public benefit, inasmuch as it kills off all the foolish girls, and leaves the wise ones to grow up to be women.

We have to Sept. 20th, in all, 3,460 Bands of Mercy, with about 237,000 members.

## Rev. Mr. Timmins at Rochester, N. Y.

Before the Summer vacation of the Rochester public schools Mr. Timmins, with the aid of School Superintendent Ellis and our friends of the Rochester Humane Society, had organized there one hundred and seventy-three Bands of Mercy, with about 7,500 members. Those Bands, as we are assured by letters received, are giving great satisfaction, and on invitation of the Humane Society, aided by Superintendent Ellis, Mr. Timmins is now forming Bands in the remaining public schools of that city. He had formed in the three days prior to Sept. 20, forty-eight Bands with nearly 2,000 members. As soon as he has completed the work at Rochester he will, on invitation of the Illinois Humane Society, go to Chicago to complete the work there, hence to Toledo, Ohio, to go through the public schools of that city. Letters to him may be sent to our care.

## Band of Mercy Melodies.

We shall publish early in October a little book of thirty-two pages of Band of Mercy melodies suitable for Sunday and week day Band of Mercy meetings, and other occasions. It will contain words adapted to some of our most beautiful tunes, such as "America," "Star Spangled Banner," "John Brown," "Dixie," "Marching Along," "Auld Lang Syne," "Hold the Fort," "Sweet Bye and Bye," "Dare to Do Right," "Scatter Seeds of Kindness," "Work for the Night is Coming," "Tell Me the Old, Old Story," "The Ninety and Nine," "Kind Words Can Never Die," "Battle Hymn of the Republic," "Old Hundred," "The Morning Light is Breaking," "Onward, Christian Soldiers," "Brightest and Best of the Sons of the Morning," "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty," "Creation," "Hark! the Herald Angels Sing," "Abide with Me," "Dennis," "Manoah," "Missionary Chant," "Portuguese Hymn," "Sicilian Mariners," "Armor of Light," &c., &c. This book has been carefully compiled by Mr. Angell and Mr. Timmins, and will be sold at three cents a copy, or fifty copies for one dollar, which may be sent in postage stamps when more convenient.

## Lord Shaftesbury.

In an English town, some years ago, there was a large school, which had an excellent teacher and stood well as regards learning, but the conduct of the boys was anything but satisfactory. Lying and stealing were of frequent occurrence. The teacher consulted Lord Shaftesbury. On inquiry he found that out of school the boys were tormenting animals, and that they were the terror of the dogs and cats in the neighborhood. "I think I can help you," said his lordship; and then he announced that he intended to give a prize for the best essay on the subject of kindness to animals.

The boys took the idea; they set to work at once; their minds became interested; they began to feel a regard for the creatures which were the subject of their inquiries, and the result was that not only did one get the prize, but the whole school profited.

—Exchange.

## Dull Boys.

Some minds are like Norwegian pines. They are slow in growth, but they strike their roots deep. Some of the greatest men have been dull boys. Dryden and Swift were dull boys. So was Goldsmith. So was Gibbon. So was Sir Walter Scott. Napoleon at school had so much difficulty in learning Latin that the master said it would need a gimlet to get a word into his head. Douglas Jerrold was so backward in his boyhood that at nine he was scarcely able to read. Isaac Barrow, one of the greatest divines the Church of England ever produced, was so stupid, in his early years, that his father more than once said that, if God took away any of his children, he hoped it would be Isaac, as he feared he would never be fit for any thing in world.

## One Way to be Brave.

BY MRS. ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS, OF BROOKLYN, N. Y., IN AUGUST "WIDE AWAKE."

[The writer of this will be remembered by many of us as formerly a director of the Mass. Society P. C. A.]

"Papa," exclaimed six-years-old Marland, leaning against his father's knee after listening to a true story, "I wish I could be as brave as that!"

"Perhaps you will be when you grow up."

"But maybe I sha'n't ever be on a railroad train when there is going to be an accident."

"Ah! but there are sure to be plenty of other ways for a brave man to show himself."

Several days after this, when Marland had quite forgotten about trying to be brave; thinking, indeed, that he would have to wait any way until he was a man, he and his little playmate, Ada, a year younger, were playing in the dog-kennel. It was a very large kennel, so that the two children often crept into it to "play house." After a while Marland, who, of course, was playing the papa of the house, was to go "down town" to his business; he put his little head out of the door of the kennel, and was just about to creep out, when right in front of him in the path he saw a snake. He knew in a moment just what sort of a snake it was, and how dangerous it was; he knew it was a rattlesnake, and that if it bit Ada or him they would probably die. For Marland had spent two summers on his papa's big ranch in Kansas, and he had been told over and over again if he ever saw a snake to run away from it as fast as he could, and this snake just in front of him was making the queer little noise with the rattles at the end of his tail, which Marland had heard enough about to be able to recognize.

Now you must know that a rattlesnake is not at all like a lion or a bear, although just as dangerous in its own way. It will not chase you; it can only spring a distance equal to its own length, and it has to wait and coil itself up in a ring, sounding its warning all the time, before it can strike at all. So if you are ever so little distance from it when you see it first, you can easily escape from it. The only danger is from stepping on it without seeing it. But Marland's snake was already coiled, and it was but a few feet from the entrance to the kennel.

"Ada," said Marland, very quietly, so quietly that his grandpapa raking the gravel on the walk near by, did not hear him, "there's a snake out here, and it is a rattlesnake. Keep very still and crawl right after me."

"Yes, Ada," he whispered, as he succeeded in squirming himself out and wriggling past the snake till he could stand upright. "There's room, but you mustn't make any noise!"

Five minutes later the children sauntered slowly down the avenue, hand in hand.

"Grandpapa," said Marland, "there's a rattlesnake in there where Ada and I were; perhaps you'd better kill him!"

And when the snake had been killed, and papa for the hundredth time had folded his little boy in his arms and murmured, "My brave boy! my dear, brave little boy!" Marland looked up in surprise.

"Why, it wasn't I that killed the snake, papa! it was grandpapa! I didn't do anything! I only kept very still and ran away!"

But you see, in that case, keeping very still and running away was just the bravest thing the little fellow could have done; and I think his mamma (for I am his mamma, and so I know just how she did feel,) felt when she took him in her arms that night that in her little boy's soul there was something of the stuff of which heroes are made.

## A Brave Girl.

They were strolling in the green fields and he was telling her of his love.

Just as he was on the point of asking her to marry him, a cow, which was concealed by a bush a few feet away, mooed long and loud.

Did the girl faint away, or run away, or scream? No. She gave one little imperceptible start and simply remarked:—

"Go away, cow. As you were saying, George—"

—New York Sun.

## OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, October, 1884.

The September meeting of Directors was held on Wednesday, the 17th inst. President Angell reported 161 complaints examined by office agents during past month: six were prosecuted, 31 animals were taken from work, 110 mercifully killed. There are now 3,411 Bands of Mercy with upwards of 234,000 members. Methods are under consideration for killing certain animals more mercifully. President Angell has been requested to organize a bureau or department of humane invention, literature, &c., for the benefit of animals, at the World's New Orleans Exposition, also to visit New Orleans and in forming there and in the Southern States societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

*"Sic utere Tuo ut Alienum Non Ledas,"*

Which means in plain English, *You must so use your own as not to injure another*, is a perfectly well established principle of common law, applying to dogs as well as men.

You have no more right to permit your dog to needlessly howl nights, and keep awake your sick or well neighbor than you have to personally commit upon him an assault and battery; you have no more right to permit your dog to rush out into the street furiously barking and frightening horses, children, or grown persons, than you have to rush out yourself with a horsewhip and threaten to strike them. If you permit these things it is *not the dog's fault, but your fault*, and if by reason of them your dog is poisoned or shot, the dog dies *because of your neglect to perform your legal and moral duty*. "*Sic utere tuo ut alienum non laedas.*"

## Sentiment, Sentimental.

Some of our friends most deeply interested in animal protection societies are frequently charged with being *sentimental*. We admit it. What is *sentiment*? "*Thought prompted by feeling*,"—and *sentimental*? "*Having sensibility or feeling.*"

Love of God is a sentiment.

Love of man is a sentiment.

A desire to relieve and prevent suffering—that is a sentiment.

To protect the weak, bind up the broken hearted, defend the defenceless, raise the down trodden, give liberty to the enslaved,—these are all sentiments.

Women have died in hospitals, and men on battle-fields, and martyrs at the stake, and as the flames curled around them have sang hymns of praise, all for sentiment.

Some of us remember the spring of 1861, when the telegram came of the firing on Fort Sumpter, and then our President's call for help to save Washington. We think the telegram came in the afternoon or evening, and the next morning at nine o'clock a regiment of our Massachusetts citizens stood in front of the State House ready to start. That was sentiment. Next day they were fired on in Baltimore, and Governor Andrew sent that telegram which drew tears from thousands of eyes:

*To the Mayor of Baltimore:*

"I pray you to cause the bodies of our Massachusetts soldiers dead in Baltimore, to be immediately laid out, preserved in ice, and tenderly sent forward by express to me. All expenses will be paid by this Commonwealth."

That was sentiment.

And then there came such a blaze of sentiment that it illuminated the whole State, from Massachusetts Bay to the Berkshire Hills, as regiment after regiment of our brave boys went down into the swamps and wildernesses to die for the preservation of the unity of their country.

Thank God for sentiment.

When the nation loses it we shall cease to be a nation. And thank God that sentiment is now being directed into channels which lead to peace and not war, kindness and not cruelty.

Richard Barlow Kennett of Petersfield, Hants, England.

We acknowledge the reception from this gentleman, who is acquiring a world-wide reputation for his munificent gifts and earnest labor in the prevention of cruelty to animals, several packages of valuable humane literature. We have also recently received from him twenty pounds, or \$100, for American publications ordered by him. In the last package received by us were copies of a sermon by Rev. Henry N. Bernard, M. A., LL. B., of England, on Vivisection, as full of facts and argument as the brief of a first-class lawyer. On the back of this sermon appear the names of officers of the Victoria Society to protect animals from vivisection, of which the most distinguished Earl of Shaftesbury is President. Among them we notice the Lord Chief Justice of England, Cardinal Manning, Prince Lucien Bonaparte, various Bishops and Archbishops, Tennyson, Browning, Coleridge, Francis Power Cobbe, &c., &c. These are names that carry weight wherever the English language is read or the English tongue spoken. It has been said that the *drum* of England beats round the world. We do not thank God for that, but we do thank God for every indication that the *heart* of England beats round the world. We are happy to add that in the little book of Band of Mercy melodies we are about to publish will appear a very beautiful one, dedicated by Rev. Mr. Timmins to Mr. Kennett.

We have an interesting letter from Mr. Nathan Appleton, dated Paris, Aug. 23d. He is pleased to see that the omnibus horses of Paris have no blinders; has visited the dogs' and cats' home in London, also the dogs' refuge just out of Paris; is glad to find the over-drawn check not used there. He speaks of various acts of kindness to animals he has noticed. We expect Mr. Appleton home in October.

We have received from Samuel E. Sawyer, Esq., Chairman of Trustees of our Permanent Fund, and Vice President of Parent Band of Mercy, an interesting original poem, written and read by him at the celebration of the 98th birthday of Mrs. Mary H. Gilbert of Gloucester, Mass., a lady enjoying excellent health and perfect memory.

We are glad to know that our agent, Mr. James Anderson of Springfield, has been doing much active work in Western Mass.

## How to Make Your Canary Happy.

A lady of our acquaintance, suspecting her canary might have lice, took it in the early evening, after it had gone to roost, and sprinkled it well with the insect powder usually sold at bird stores. She then covered the top of the cage with a towel. In the course of the evening she picked 115 lice from the towel. She made that bird happy by killing 115 lice that were living upon it. We have found by experience that nothing adds more to the happiness of our canaries than to buy little ten cent mirrors and hang them on their cages in such position that neither the sun nor lights shall dazzle the birds. They apparently take as much pleasure in looking at their pretty selves as any young lady or gentleman who reads this article.

## A New Horseshoe

Has lately been experimented with at Lyons, France. The shoe is made entirely of sheep's horn, and is found particularly adapted to horses employed in towns and known not to have a steady foot on the pavement. The results have proved very satisfactory, as horses thus shod have been driven at a rapid pace on the pavement without slipping. The new shoe is very durable, and, though a little more expensive, seems destined sooner or later to replace the iron shoe, particularly for horses employed in large cities where, beside the pavement, the streets are intersected by tramway rails, which from their slipperiness, constitutes a source of danger.

—North Western Live Stock Journal.

A New York engraver recently made this mistake: "Mr. and Mrs. — respectfully request your presents at the marriage of their daughter."

## Faith and Reason.

Two travellers started on a tour,  
With trust and knowledge laden;  
One was a man with mighty brain,  
And one a gentle maiden.  
They joined their hands and vowed to be  
Companions for a season;  
The gentle maiden's name was Faith,  
The mighty man's was Reason.

He sought all knowledge from the world,  
And every world anear it;  
All matter, and all mind were his,  
But hers was only spirit.  
If any stars were missed from heaven,  
His telescope could find them;  
But while he only found the stars—  
She found the God behind them.

He sought for truth—above—below,  
All hidden things revealing;  
She only sought it woman-wise,  
And found it in her feeling.  
He said this earth's a rolling ball—  
And so doth science prove it.  
He but discovered that it moves,  
She found the springs that move it.

He reads with geologic eye  
The record of the ages,  
Unfolding strata, he translates  
Earth's wonder-written pages;  
He digs around a mountain's base,  
And measures it with plummet,  
She leaps it at a single bound—  
And stands upon the summit.

He brings to light the hidden force  
In nature's labyrinth working,  
And binds it to his onward car,  
To do his mighty working—  
He sends his message 'cross the earth,  
And down where sea gems glisten;  
She sendeth her's to God himself,  
Who bends His ear to listen.

All things in beauty, science, art,  
In common they inherit,  
But he has only clasped the form,  
While she has clasped the spirit.  
God's wall infinite now looms up  
Before Faith and her lover—  
But while he tries to scale its heights,  
She has gone safely over.

He tries from earth to forge a key—  
To ope the gate of Heaven;  
That key is in the maiden's heart,  
And back its bolts are driven.  
They part—without her all is dark,  
His knowledge vain and hollow,  
For Faith has entered in with God,  
Where Reason may not follow.

## A Lesson in a Tunnel.

When we returned from Italy some years ago, the Mont Cenis Tunnel was newly opened, and we reckoned that it must be a dreary passage, and very dark, and therefore we had better be provided with a candle. It would be damp and close, and therefore every window should be closed for fear of our breathing the impure air. So we speculated; but when we traversed that wonderful passage the carriages were well lighted, and much of the tunnel also, and we sat with open windows, finding it as easy to breathe as on the mountain's side. It was a joy rather than a peril to pass through the dreaded tunnel. So shall the voyager along the good old way find that death is not what he dreams. Jesus will light the darksome way, and the soul will need no candle of earth; fresh breezes from glory will drive away the death damp, and the music of angels will make the heart forgetful of pains. How can the good old way lead into danger? What can it conduct us to but eternal rest?

—Spurgeon.

*Story of an Army Mule.*

Eddie wants his papa to write for your little readers, the story he told Eddie about an army mule. Eddie's papa was an officer in the army, and stationed at Fort Ripley, in the State of Minnesota, several years ago.

At that time there were many soldiers at Fort Ripley, and they had several mules to haul wood and supplies; for there were no cars or boats (excepting ferry-boats) nearer than fifty miles. Among the mules was one kept to haul the cart that was used to clear up the dirt and rubbish around the post; and his working-hours were from "fatigue call" to "recall."

Soldiers don't bother about clocks and watches. There is one clock at the guard-house, where the post-guard stays; and a drummer and fife, or bugler, plays tunes to let the soldiers know when it is time to get up, when breakfast is ready, when to go on guard, when to drill, when to work at cleaning up the post, when to quit work and drill, when to go to dinner and supper, when the sick may go to the post-surgeon, when to go to bed, and when to put out the lights.

The call that tells them when to go to work is called the "fatigue call." Whether it is because they are likely to get pretty tired before they hear the "recall," which tells them to quit work, I cannot say; but it always did seem to me that either that call was misnamed, or some very jolly chap couldn't resist having his joke when he called it the "fatigue call."

You will wonder what all this has to do with the mule. Well, it is just this: that mule learned one of those calls. He didn't beat it on a drum, or blow it on a fife or bugle; nor did he whistle it, or even bray it; though I suspect, from the noise he made when it sounded, that he was attempting to sing a bass accompaniment.

Although there was anything but music in his voice, he had a fine large ear for music. He certainly had an ear for that one call. Could your readers guess what call it was? It was the "recall," which told the soldier in general (and that mule in particular, it seemed), that it was time to quit work.

He paid no attention to any other call; but let the "recall" be sounded, at any time in the day, on drum or bugle, and off he would go, full gallop for the barn, banging the old cart around.

The soldiers would give chase, but that only made him run the faster. On he would go, he-hawing all the while, as much as to say, "The first duty of an army mule is to obey orders, and the 'recall' says 'quit work.'"

Don't you think that was a smart mule, and that he well earned his rations of hay and oats?

—Eddie's Papa.

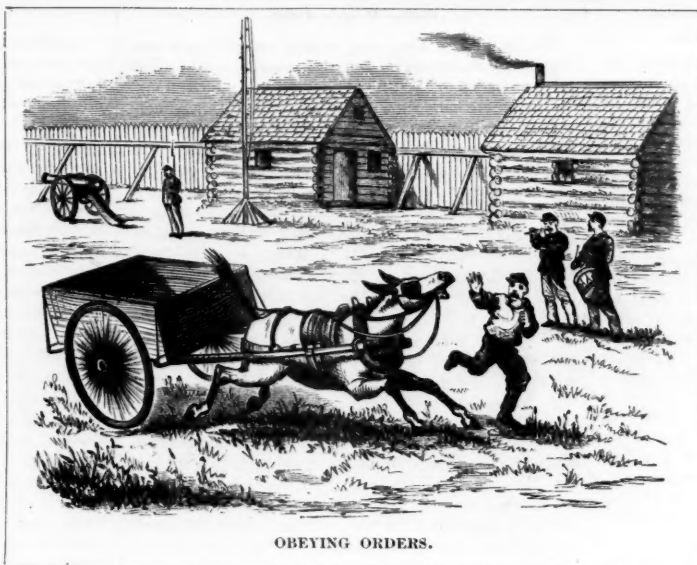
For Our Dumb Animals.

*Pay.*

BY LINA EVANS, QUINCY, WIS.

You pay for the organ, pay for the flute,  
Pay for the drum that gives the salute;  
Pay for the harp, with its sweet notes of love,  
Pay for the music that raiseth above;  
Pay for the concert, with soft, flowing words,  
But who ever thought of paying the birds?

Some even grudge them a kernel of grain,  
Grudge them the berries that grow on the plain;  
Grudge them the meal their Father hath made,  
But who, in the spring, ever grudged their aid?  
Surely, ah! surely, you cannot have thought  
Of songs they have sung, and good they have wrought.



OBEYING ORDERS.

*Spurgeon on Endowments.*

In speaking at one of the recent series of meetings held to celebrate his jubilee, Mr. Spurgeon said: "I am even against endowing my own college. Some one offered me money the other day to found a scholarship in connection with my college. I declined. Why should I gather money which would remain after I am gone to uphold teachings of which I might entirely disapprove? No! Let each generation provide for its own wants. Let my successor, if I have one in the college, do as I have done, and secure the funds which he needs for his own teaching. I wish there were no religious endowments of any shape or kind among Dissenters or Churchmen, for I never yet knew a chapel enjoying an endowment which did not find it a curse."

It seems almost like heterodoxy to dispute the wisdom of endowments of religious institutions. Yet when one thinks of the enormous amounts of the Lord's treasure that are lying hopelessly tied up in this form while millions of souls are perishing, it is enough to make one's blood boil. Oh, Christian philanthropists, do you not know that the compound interest of the influence of Christian lives is infinitely greater than the simple interest on money. If half the money invested in fine buildings and endowments, was given to push forward the work of Christ to-day, what a difference it would make.

—New York Witness.

It seems to us that in humane as well as in religious work, the wise action is to spend freely to make the coming generations humane, and then trust them to continue the work we have begun.—EDITOR.

*A Long Ride by Rail.*

Dr. David Gill, the astronomer, wanted to impress on the minds of some young hearers the wonderful distance of the fixed stars from this little earth, and in a recent lecture he related the following imaginary anecdote:

A railroad was built from the Earth to Centauri. A man boarded the train, and upon taking his seat he casually asked the conductor:

"At what rate do we travel?"

"Sixty miles an hour."

"Humph! a mile a minute; then when shall we reach Centauri?"

"In 48,663,000 years, sir."

"Rather a long journey," said the passenger, as he settled back in his seat and unfolded his morning paper.

I can marry any girl I please," said a young man, boastingly. "Very true," replied his waggish companion; "for you can't please any!"

Major General Harney testified before a Congressional committee that he had never known an Indian tribe break its word with the Government, and he had never known the Government keep its faith with an Indian tribe.

*"Peck's Bad Boy."*

Not long since, in the city of Milwaukee, a great many strange fires occurred. It was definitely proven that they were all incendiary, and after many weeks, through the admission of one of a band of four lads from thirteen to fifteen years old—all from respectable families—that the fires were all set for fun, and to carry out the plans of their organization. They had a hut on the grounds of a gentleman, the father of one of the boys, and there concocted their criminal arrangements. One of them, when arrested, declared himself to be "Peck's Bad Boy," and seemed to glory in the fact that he was so far successfully imitating that vulgar little imaginary beast, created in the brain of a vulgar man, who has boys himself and ought to know better.

But to return. Three of these boys were sent until eighteen to Waukesha prison; the fourth still awaits trial.

A young friend of the writer—a remarkably bright boy—was allowed not long since to read the first volume (for it angers me to say there are two volumes besides the play) of the "Bad Boy." His intellectual and moral nature immediately assimilated the pabulum therein provided. Johnny was also of an eminently practical turn of mind, and proceeded forthwith to carry out one of the cunning "Bad Boy" tricks.

Johnnie's sister, a charming but rather frail and delicate girl, retired early one evening. Not long after she was found by her friends in an alarming fit of hysterical spasms. The cause was soon revealed. Two sprawling frogs were found between the sheets, each ingeniously tied by a green and slimy leg. Two more of the same sort were disporting in the water-pitcher.

—Church and Home.

*Suppose.*

Suppose you lived in a little green house

Where the sun shone through the roof,

And over your head a canopy spread

With light for the warp and woof,

While a mother-bird cuddled you under her wing

Whenever a leaflet stirred,

Suppose—why, don't you suppose you'd be

As happy as—a bird?

Suppose you lived 'neath the sunny sky

In the meadow fair and wide,

And drank of the stream and nibbled the grass,

And skipped by your mother's side,

And cooled your feet in a bubbling brook

Where your woolly playmates swam,

Suppose, now—don't you suppose you'd be

As happy as—a lamb?

Suppose you swung on a slender stem

Where your sister-roses hung,

With a graceful nod for each passing breeze,

But a heart where the dewdrops clung,

And a burning cheek like the crimson streak,

That fair in the sunrise glows,

Suppose—ah, yes, I suppose you'd be

As sweet as—a blushing rose.

But I suppose your mamma knows

A secret sweeter by half,

If she should hear she'd fold you close,

And answer with a laugh;

She'd say, "Why, here's my singing-bird,

My precious little lamb,

My sweetest rose,"—and you would say,

"I'm nicer as I am."

—Our Little Men and Women.

Translated for Our Dumb Animals by L. B. Urbino.

*How Egyptians Protect the Camel.*

The burden a camel is to carry having been arranged, it is led between heaps of bales, packages, etc., and ordered, in a peculiar, guttural tone, or forced by the whip to lie down. After much resistance it reluctantly obeys. To hear its sad and terrible cry one would think it had a presentiment of the days of trial and anguish to come, and that the desert paths, paved with skeletons of its kindred, were painted in vivid colors on its imaginations.

The piteous complaint of the camel might rouse feelings in a stone, but the heart of a camel driver is still harder; the ear of the torturer is deaf to the moans of the sufferer. All being ready one Arab takes the camel by the nose while another fastens saddle and burden on its back. Then he who holds the nose lets go, and the other again applies the whip.

A camel carries from three to four hundred pounds on a long journey, and more on a shorter one. The Egyptians were in the habit of loading their camels so unmercifully that government interfered, and a law was made by which an owner allowing his camel to carry more than the fixed number of pounds was severely punished.

A traveller says, that when he was in Egypt, the governor explained the value of the law in a patriarchal and convincing manner. He passed several hours of each day in the beautiful government building, where his business rooms were open to all without distinction. The public way from the river to the city led through the courtyard of this building.

One day while the governor was seated in the open divan or council chamber, a gigantic camel enormously laden walked into court.

"What does the camel want?" asked the Bey. "See, it is unlawfully laden; weigh its burden." His order was instantly obeyed, and the weight found to be one thousand pounds. Soon after, the owner of the camel entered, and was surprised to see the officials engaged with his merchandise.

"Dost thou not know," thundered the Bey, "that thou art not allowed to put more than five hundred pounds upon thy camel, and thou hast one thousand; half this sum measured in blows would crush thee down; how much more does the double weight press upon thy poor beast? But by the beard of the prophet, and by Allah the sublime, who created men and animals as brethren, I will teach thee what it means to overburden an animal. Seize him and give him one hundred lashes."

The order was obeyed, the owner received the punishment.

"Now go," said the judge, "and if thy camel brings another complaint, it shall go worse with thee."

"May Allah preserve thy Highness and bless thy justice," said the peasant, and went his way.

*Henry Ward Beecher*

Speaks of the crow thus:

Aside from this special question of profit and loss, we have a warm side toward the crow, he is so much like one of ourselves. He is lazy, and that is human; he is cunning, and that is human. He takes advantage of those weaker than himself, and that is man-like. He is sly, and hides for to-morrow what he can't eat to-day, showing a real human providence. He learns tricks much faster than he does useful things, showing a true boy-nature. He thinks his own color the best, and loves to hear his own voice, which are eminent traits of humanity. He will never work when he can get another to work for him—a genuine human trait. He eats whatever he can get his claws upon, and is less mischievous with a belly full than when hungry, and that is like man. He is at war with all living things except his own kind, and with them when he has nothing else to do.

No wonder men despise crows. They are too much like men. Take off his wings, and put him in breeches, and crows would make fair average men. Give men wings, and reduce their smartness a little, and many of them would be almost good enough to be crows.

*Victor Hugo's Faith.*

The aged Victor Hugo, the revered poet of France, now past fourscore, uttered the following beautiful words, which give expression to his sense of immortality: "I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest which has been more than once cut down. The new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but Heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds. You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of bodily powers. Why then is my soul more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head and eternal spring is in my heart. Then I breathe, at this hour, the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets and the roses as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is history. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose, verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, song—I have tried all. But I feel that I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say, like so many others, 'I have finished my day's work;' but I cannot say, 'I have finished my life.' My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes in the twilight to open with the dawn. I improve every hour because I love this world as my fatherland. My work is only beginning. My monument is hardly above its foundation. I would be glad to see it mounting and mounting forever. The thirst for the infinite proves infinity."

*Dusky George and His Coon.*

A STORY FOR THE CHILDREN.

Mr. Wilkenson had a colored man called Dusky George. One day he sent him to the field back of the mill to dig some potatoes. George started with the hoe over his shoulder and the basket swinging on it. Just before he reached the field, he saw something moving in the grass. He said to himself, "That's a woodchuck."

He walked carefully up the lane and found three bright little animals with sharp eyes and long noses. George did not know what they were, but he put them in his basket. When he went home, he showed them to Mr. Wilkenson. "Why, George, they are coons," said he. They took a box from the shed, filled it with hay, and put the coons in it, out in the barn.

George gave them some milk in a saucer. They put in their long noses and drank it like little pigs.

In a few days Dr. Creighton took two of them to amuse a little patient in another town, but George kept the prettiest one. He was a playful little fellow, and seemed to enjoy everything like a child. He did not like strange dogs. When one came into the yard he would back into a corner and spit like a cat, if he did not have time to hide. The dog Sam soon learned to protect the coon, and took him into his bed at night.

He had many friends among the neighbors, and one enemy. A lady set a custard pie on her doorstep to cool. Mr. Coon found it in his travels and ate it up. This lady did not like him.

His greatest pleasure was to ride. If he saw them harnessing the horse, he would climb to the seat and wait patiently until all was ready. His most famous ride was when he went to the city. Dusky George harnessed the horse to the sleigh for Mr. Wilkenson. When he was ready, the little coon was ready too. When they reached the principal street, Mr. Wilkenson went into a fur-store, taking the coon under his arm. The man said, "Let us put him in the window." They did so; and as it was a bright, sunny day, the coon lay down on a bear-skin, and in a few minutes was fast asleep. A crowd soon gathered around, and it was amusing to hear the children wondering whether he was alive or not. There was quite a shout among them when, all at once, the coon yawned and turned over.

The longest day has an end, and the coon at last reached home. I believe he has never been to the city since.

—Our Little Ones.

*Docking Horses.*

A horse standing in front of the Leland Hotel a few days ago attracted the attention of a passer-by and he stopped to examine the animal. The tail of the horse was unusually short, while the raw stump showed that its brevity was due to a surgical operation. The man reported the case to the Humane Society, and efforts were made to learn where the animal belonged. Officer Dudley of the Society traced the mutilated animal to the English Horse Exchange, Nos. 3246 and 3248 South Park avenue, which is kept by Brown, Gilken & Graham. Dr. Ernest Dundas, the veterinary surgeon in charge of the stables, showed the officer four animals which had been subjected to castration. In some cases the wound was almost completely healed, while in others the flesh was still raw. Dr. Dundas explained to the officer that the tails were cut off with a machine specially designed for this purpose. It was made to slide up the vertebrae of the tail to the required distance, and then to cut it off as clean as the guillotine severs the neck of a criminal. He said that the practice was quite common in England, and was becoming fashionable in New York. He had no idea that it was cruel, and made no attempt to conceal the fact that the operation was performed on every horse whose owner desired it. He thought it was much preferable to another kind of amputation which was performed by some. He had seen men back a horse up against a block or a barn, and, placing a knife at the point where amputation was desired, strike a blow with a mallet to cut off the end. Owners generally left their horses in his charge until the wound healed up and did not know how the animal suffered. The object of cutting off the tail was to improve the appearance, though the bobtail horse practically loses all control of his caudal appendage.

Officer Dudley consulted Drs. Bovatt, Baker, Kane, and Dr. Paaren, State Veterinarian, to ascertain whether they considered the curtailment an act of cruelty to the horse. Each one of these denounced the practice as undeniably cruel. Dr. Kane went so far as to declare that it weakened the horse's back in every case, by reason of the intricate connection of the stump of the tail with the spinal column. On the strength of these opinions the Humane Society decided to get a warrant for the arrest of Dr. Dundas. The writ was issued by Justice Russell and was served on the defendant yesterday by officers of the Society.

After the evidence had been heard, Justice Russell expressed himself satisfied that a case of cruelty had been made out, but, as the defendant claimed he had not known that he was violating any law, and promised not to offend again, the court made the fine the lowest under the statute, \$3.00.

—Chicago Tribune, Aug. 7, 1884.

We are glad to note that the passer-by above referred to was Mr. A. W. Landon, publisher of "Humane Journal."

*Maud S.*

Every man of intelligence and integrity, north, south, east and west, who knows a trotting horse from a truckman's drudge, will rejoice that, as Mr. Vanderbilt feels compelled to part with the queen, she goes into the hands of Robert Bonner. Mr. Bonner has done more for the development of an intelligent, reasonable interest in the best type of the American trotter than any other man living or dead. The most satisfactory feature of his devotion to fast horses is that it is wholly free from gambling or speculation. He has not bought or bred trotters to win pools or sell them again at fancy prices, far above their real worth. His influence on everything connected with the improvement of American horses has been wholesome and salutary. In his hands Maud S. will be treated as becomes a queen among quadrupeds, and the public will be treated generously too. Mr. Bonner will make no matches and will trot no races; but he will give the tens of thousands of admirers of Maud S. a chance to see what the best trotter the world has yet seen can do under the most favorable circumstances. There will be no jockeying or trickery, no attempt to use the mare as a money-getting machine, or to mislead the public as to her real capacity. Her future in Mr. Bonner's hands will be watched with wide-spread interest.

—New York Tribune.

## What I Saw From Our Piazza.

## A TRUE STORY.

One day last month as we stood on our piazza, we saw a young Irish youth enter the yard, driving two horses with a heavily-loaded wagon of coal.

The road from the street to the house was steep and winding. It was a hard pull for the horses; and, when about half way up, they gave out.

The forward horse, whose name was Billy, turned round, as much as to say, "We can't drag this any farther; it is no use trying."

Billy did not seem to know that a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull altogether, was the best way of getting along in the world.

The driver led Billy to his place, and then mounted his seat, took up the reins once more, and tried to urge his team on.

As it was near sundown, he wanted to get through his work, that he might go home to his supper.

But Billy shook his head, and turned round a second time against the wheel-horse, and would not move on a step. He looked round at the wagon, as if he would like to say, "I can't move that load, and I won't try to move it."

The driver got down from his seat, and came and patted Billy on the head, and coaxed him. He knew that it was a hard tug for Billy, and so he did not whip or scold him.

Billy shook his head still; and then the driver threw his arms round Billy's neck, hugged him, gave him two or three loud kisses on the face, then led him gently once more to his place forward.

"Billy," said he, "you will try, won't you? I want my supper, and you want yours too. Now try, Billy."

Again he took the reins, and mounted his seat. Billy looked round at his master, and then at the wagon; and we knew, from his loving looks, that Billy meant this time to do his best.

"Gee! gee up!" cried the driver; and then Billy and the wheel-horse, both starting at once, safely carried up the loaded wagon to its stopping-place at the top of the hill.

Our Ralph blocked the wheels with a big stone; and the driver got down from his seat, and went to Billy, and patted him, and kissed him again, with his arms around his neck, giving him a good, loving hug.

I think that Billy was glad and knew that he had been doing a kind act. The driver emptied the coal, and then started off with Billy and the other horse; and, no doubt, when he got home, he gave them both a good supper before he took his own.

He was not only kind-hearted, but wise. If he had used the whip, it might have been an hour before he could have got Billy to move. He knew he could best rule by love.

I would like to know that young man's name,—would not you? I mean to try and find it out; for this story is every word of it exactly true.

—Aunt Amelia.

Boston Highlands.

## How Lincoln Told a Secret.

The following about President Lincoln was told by Bishop Simpson:

One day a committee from New York went to see him in reference to the conduct of the war. After they had transacted their business and were making their way to the door, one of the gentlemen in a low tone of voice said: "Mr. President, I would like to know where Burnside's fleet is going." Burnside had just sailed. "Well," said Mr. Lincoln, "if I would tell you, perhaps you would tell somebody else." "No," said he, "I would not." Then Mr. Lincoln, putting his hand to his face, as if to whisper, said, loud enough for all to hear: "He's gone to sea."



THE KIND DRIVER.

## The Bull.

"Huza!" From box and balcony  
Rang out the loud exultant cry;  
"Huza! the matador!"

From floor to roof a glittering maze  
Of gorgeous robes and faces fair,  
With lustrous laces gleaming rare,  
And veils of fluttering gossamer,  
And fans that set the air astir,  
And flowers that bloom and gems that blaze  
Filled all the amphitheatre.

Below them in the sunlight space  
Beneath the tranquil April skies,  
Two combatants stood face to face;  
A milk-white bull, with fiery eyes.  
Huge, frantic, mad with rage and pain,  
His great head bowed to charge the foe,  
And, poising with a cool disdain  
His weapon for the fatal blow,  
A youth, decked out in gorgeous wise.

A murmurous hush, a breathless pause—  
The ladies leaned far out to see.

A flash of scarlet drapery—  
A plunge—a bellowing roar—a cloud  
Of flying dust! Then burst the applause,  
With cheer on cheer of wild delight  
That rolled the echoing circle round.  
And while, low-fallen upon the ground,  
His victim struggled hard with death,  
The hero of the noble fight,  
Rained on with flowers from fingers white  
Mid ringing bravas, smiled and bowed.

A child sobbed softly in the crowd.  
"Alas, poor bull!" below her breath  
She wept. "Alas, poor pretty bull!"  
With sad eyes, grieved and pitiful,  
And down beside him in the sand,  
One blossom, wet with tearful dew,  
One little crimson rose she threw,  
And hid her sweet eyes with her hand.

And still all tongues the victor sang,  
"Huza!" the thundering plaudits rang,  
"Huza! the matador!"

—Margaret Johnson, in *Wide Awake*.

In building the platforms at Chicago, only one omission was made. The most important industry of the country at the present time was overlooked. Neither contains a base ball plank.

## Pure Air for Animals.

"Formerly, in the French army, the mortality of cavalry horses was enormous." A French authority informs us that *after an enlargement* of the stables the mortality was reduced in ten years from 190 per 1,000 horses to 68. "In the Italian war of 1859, M. Moulin kept 10,000 horses many months in barracks opening to external air in place of closed stables. Scarcely any horses were sick, and only one case of glanders occurred." Among English cavalry horses, Wilkinson informs us that the "mortality (which was formerly great) is now reduced to twenty per thousand. The food, exercise, and treatment being the same, this result has been obtained by cleanliness and the freest ventilation. The ventilation is three-fold: that for drying the floors; a ceiling ventilation for the discharge of foul air; and a supply of air beneath the horses' noses to dilute at once the products of respiration.

It has long been a notorious fact that among the lower animals confinement in an imperfectly ventilated atmosphere is apt to render them tuberculous.

—Dio Lewis, in *Home Science*.

We add that the milk of tuberculous cows carries tubercular consumption; that it is infinitely important that cows whose milk we drink should have perfectly clean stables, pure water and plenty of pure air, and in most stables the place nearest the door is the best; and that animals that have sunshine and companions in their stables and are most kindly talked to or sung to by those who have charge of them give the most, safe and wholesome milk.—EDITOR.

## The "Burlington Hawkeye" on Cranks.

What would we do were it not for cranks? How slowly the old world would move, did not cranks keep it rushing. Columbus was a crank, and at last he met the fate of most cranks,—was thrown into prison and died in poverty and disgrace. Greatly venerated now? Oh, yes. Harvey was a crank on the subject of the circulation of the blood; Galileo was an astronomical crank; Fulton was a crank on the subject of steam navigation; Morse was a telegraph crank. All the old Abolitionists were cranks. The Pilgrim fathers were cranks; John Bunyan was a crank; any man who doesn't think as you do, my son, is a crank. And by-and-by the crank you despise will have his name in every man's mouth, and a monument to his memory crumbling down in a dozen cities, while nobody outside of your native village will know that you ever lived. Deal gently with the crank, my boy. Of course, some cranks are crankier than others, but a crank is a thing that turns something, it makes the wheels go round, it insures progress. The thing that goes in for variety, that changes its position a hundred times a day, that is no crank; that is a weather-vane, my son. You "thank Heaven you are not a crank." Don't say that, my son. Maybe you couldn't be a crank, if you would. Heaven is not very particular when it wants a weather-vane; almost any man will do for that. But when it wants a crank, my boy, it looks about very carefully. Before you thank Heaven that you are not a crank, examine yourself and see what it is that debars you from being a crank.

## Not True.

A New York hackman recently went into the surf at Long Branch, and encountered a shark. Their eyes met for an instant. It is said the shark blushed and swam away.

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The Society has about 500 agents throughout the State who report quarterly.

**Cases Reported at Office in August.**

For beating, 15; overworking and overloading, 13; overdriving, 5; driving when lame or galled, 42; non-feeding and non-sheltering 10; abandoning 1; torturing, 6; driving when diseased, 20; cruelty in transportation, 1; general cruelty, 48.

Total, 161.

Disposed of as follows, viz: Remedied without prosecution, 56; warnings issued, 45; not found, 8; not substantiated, 43; anonymous, 3; prosecuted, 6; convicted, 5.

Animals taken from work, 31; killed, 110.

**Receipts by the Society in August.****FINES.**

From Justice's Court,—Winchendon, \$10.  
Police Courts,—Springfield, (2 cases), \$8; Lee, \$3; Chelsea, \$5, paid at jail.  
District Court,—ad E. Middlesex, \$10.  
Municipal Court,—Boston, (3 cases), \$30.  
Witness fees, \$4.00.  
Total, \$70.00.

**FROM MEMBERS AND DONORS.**

Miss Sarah B. Fay, \$50; D. B. Wesson, \$25; A. C. Woodworth, \$20; W. H. Haille, \$10; Kimball Bros., \$2; Mrs. W. H. Browne, \$1.35; Mrs. Livingston, fifty cents.

**FIVE DOLLARS EACH.**

Geo. R. Dickinson, Jno. B. Stebbins, Homer Foot, E. Morgan, H. N. Chase, Horace Smith, E. A. Alden, E. H. Barney, I. N. Fink, Mrs. P. F. Wilcox, Geo. M. Stearns, Geo. Kempton, Norcross Mellin & Co., Geo. M. Preston, Henry Miller, Mrs. Henry Miller, Mrs. Chas. W. Shepard, A. T. Perkins, C. Brigham & Co., a Friend, E. Atkins, R. C. Greenleaf, I. T. Burr, Geo. P. Clark.

**ONE DOLLAR EACH.**

R. A. Spalding, Mrs. A. M. Dix, Ward & Co., Mrs. C. Chase.  
Total, \$232.85.

**SUBSCRIBERS.**

R. Barlow Kennett, \$4.80; M. Hayes, \$4.50; Mrs. J. A. Kippen, \$3.15; J. S. Garland, \$3; Geo. Kempton, \$2; Dr. E. M. Hale, \$2; Robt. Sanford, \$1.50; E. B. Rowe, \$.25.

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A. C. Mather, Mary A. Smith, Mrs. H. H. Smith, Wm. H. Ford, Mrs. W. H. Burleigh, Horace E. Ware.

**FIFTY CENTS EACH.**

Mrs. E. M. Kingsbury, O. Plimpton, Albert J. Runey.  
Total, \$28.70.

**OTHER SUMS.**

Interest, \$226.25; publications sold, \$30.06.  
Total receipts in August, \$577.85.

**Publications Received from Kindred Societies.**

Animal World. London, England.  
Humane Educator. Cincinnati, Ohio.  
Humane Journal. Chicago, Ill.  
Our Animal Friends. New York, N. Y.  
Zoophilist. London, England.  
Herefordshire S. P. C. A. Hereford, England.  
Annual Report for year ending April 30, 1884.  
Animals' Friend. Vienna, Austria.  
Zoophilist. Naples, Italy.  
Livonian S. P. A. Riga, Russia. Annual Report for 1883.  
Ordinances S. P. A. for the Grand-dukedom of Hesse. Darmstadt, Germany.

**For Our Dumb Animals.****Our Wren's Nest.**

BY MRS. G. S. SHARP, OF HUMBOLDT, IOWA.

**A Story for the Children.**

You need not try to guess where it was for I do not believe any other wren ever chose such a place for a nest, though they, of all birds, do find the queerest place. The wren, I mean, built her nest in the twine-box of a binder. "Oh!" you say, "that's nothing new; who has not seen plenty of wren's nests in all kinds of boxes?"

Yes, but wait till you hear all about it. Have you ever seen a self-binder? I am afraid some of you city children never have. It is a machine that cuts the grain, ties it up into bundles and drops it down almost as it is alive. There is a small box fastened high up on one side with a large ball of coarse twine in it for tying the bundles; the ball is wound like a ball of cotton yarn with a hole in the centre, and in this hole, down deep in the ball, is where Mrs. Wren built her nest and hatched her eggs.

She was a pretty little thing, dark and speckled with a sharp, pointed bill, and a tail long and slender.

We did not find the nest until it was all done and had five little speckled eggs in the bottom. Pretty soon there were seven, and while Mrs. Wren sat on them down deep in the ball with only the tip of her bill sticking up into the fresh air, her mate fluttered about among the machinery or perched near her, and twittered and chirped so that she would not be lonesome or afraid.

Poor little thing! I should think she would have smothered all those hot July days. But that was not the worst of her troubles, for every day and a good many times a day cousin Howard and some other men would come out and work the binder and talk and work it again; of course they did not touch the twine, for there on Main street, in the shop, there was no grain to tie up, but they made such a dreadful noise that the little bird would fly out and sit on the fence with her mate waiting to see what became of her dear little eggs; and yet every time when the men were gone she went back and at last she hatched every egg of the seven.

And even after that, when the birds were nearly grown and all nicely feathered out so that they filled the little hole almost to the top, she had another dreadful scare. Cousin Howard had to sell the binder; it was the only one of the kind and he could not make the farmer who bought it let his grain spoil while waiting for the wren to teach her little ones to fly, so he took the ball out of the box and put it in plain sight, on some of the other machinery and waited. The poor birds felt badly enough this time. They cried and chirped and fluttered about as if wild with grief; they could hardly have made more fuss if he had torn up the nest and killed all the young birds. After a while they seemed to think better of it, and even before the men went away the mother bird went back to her nest; but she never quite forgave cousin Howard for disturbing her little home, but scolded as hard as ever she could whenever she saw him.

For more than a week after this both the old birds were kept pretty busy hunting worms to stop the hungry little mouths. Then one day, after a good deal of coaxing, they all flew away. Now when little Mary goes down to her papa's office and he holds her up so that she can look down into the nest, there are only a few broken bits of speckled egg shells and a brown feather or two in the bottom of the nest to show who lived in the ball of twine this summer.

Next spring cousin Howard is going to put up a little box in some handy place for them to live in, and they will probably have an easier time with their housekeeping.

"Take your meals at my restaurant," says the proprietor of a cheap eating house, "and you will never go anywhere else."

"Nobody ever lost anything by love," said a sage-looking person. "That's not true," said a young lady who heard the remark, "for I once lost three nights' sleep."

**The Hand That Rocks the World.**

Blessings on the hand of woman!  
Angels give her strength and grace  
In the cottage, palace, hovel,  
O, no matter where the place!  
Would that never storms assailed it;  
Rainbows ever gently curled;  
For the hand that rocks the cradle  
Is the hand that rocks the world.

**The Duke of Wellington.**

The man of honor has no price. Mr. Smiles in one of his admirable books, says that Wellington was once offered half a million for a state secret not of any special value to the government, but the keeping of which was a matter of honor. "It appears you are capable of keeping a secret," said the Duke to the official. "Certainly," was the reply. "Then so am I," said the great soldier, and bowed him out.

Thus the noble warrior kept his word and preserved his honor.

"Patrick Maloney, what do you say to the indictment? Are you guilty, or not guilty?" "Arrah, misha, yer worship, how can I tell till I hear the evidence?"

**Prices of Humane Publications.**

The following publications can be obtained at our offices at cost prices, which does not include postage.

"Ten Lessons on Kindness to Animals," by Geo. T. Angell, at 2 cents for the whole ten bound together, or	\$2.00 per 100
"Care of Horses,"	.45 "
"Cattle Transportation," by Geo. T. Angell, 1.10 "	
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"The Marett Tract," by G. T. Angell, (postage), .05 "	
"Band of Mercy Information," by Geo. T. Angell, 1.00 "	
"How to Kill Animals Humanely," by Dr. D. D. Slade, .95 "	
Humane Picture Card, "Waiting for the Master," .75 "	
"Selections From Longfellow," 3.00 "	
"Bible Lessons for Bands of Mercy," .45 "	
"Service of Mercy," selections from Scripture, etc., .65 "	
"Band of Mercy History," by Rev. T. Timmins, 12.50 "	
"Band of Mercy Melodies," .50 "	

All the above can be had in smaller numbers at the same rates.

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